

# LYDIA SHERMAN.

**Confession of the Arch Murderess of Connecticut.**

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**A THRILLING HISTORY.**

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**A FEARFUL RETRIBUTION.**

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**CANTING HYPOCRISY TO THE LAST.**

**"I Made Up My Mind to Give Myself Up to Christ and Confess Everything."**

**THE HERALD'S SPECIAL REPORT.**

**NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 11, 1873.**

Probably the most prominent criminal of the weaker sex thus far heard from is Mrs. Lydia Sherman, who has just been sentenced to the State Prison for life. The particulars of her case have caused her to spend the remainder of her days within the secure walls of the Westernford mansion was the poisoning of her third and last husband, Mr. Horatio N. Sherman, a very clever and frugal man. The incidents of her trial and conviction for causing the death of Mr. Sherman have all been told in the *Herald*, and the account of her sentence to imprisonment for life, which was pronounced only yesterday, is also still fresh in the mind of the community. But Mrs. Sherman is no ordinary woman—in fact, she is no ordinary criminal, no common felon. Her own admissions as well as the general gossip in the neighborhood where she is well known confirm the opinion of Judge Sanford, who, when he sentenced her yesterday, intimated a feeling of regret that he could not send her to the scaffold instead of to the State Prison. Although she was only convicted of

**MURDER IN THE SECOND DEGREE.** she is probably guilty of over half a dozen capital offenses; and if her own story is true she is one of those peculiar beings whom it is hard to think of as deserving of sympathy. Here in Connecticut the feeling against her has amounted almost to a prejudice, and expressions of regret that she could not have been hanged have been numerous and emphatic.

**HER CAREER IN JAIL.**

The story of her trial was told in the *Herald* from day to day, but since her conviction and removal to jail for sentence her career, as well as her wishes, have only been known to jailer Webster, or such as could make it a pecuniary object for him to give the ordinary information which public officials are supposed to furnish the public. For eighteen months the feminine prisoner has been an inmate of the New Haven Jail. She told the *Herald* reporter the other day that she had always been well treated there, that the jailer and his wife were very kind to her, and that was about all she cared to say, unless Mr. Webster, the jailer, thought it was best.

"Well, Mrs. Sherman," interrupted the good-hearted official, "the story that you told, and which has been sold to certain parties to be published after the sentence, is about right, isn't it?" "Why, of course it is, and the *Herald* man can get it at the proper time, can't he?" "I suppose so," responded the jailer, with a knowing wink to the heroine of arsenic. A momentary conversation of the reporter with the jailer then ensued, during which the *Herald* representative was told that he might ask the prisoner any questions he saw fit; but he could get nothing out of her.

He admitted that she was preparing a confession for the public, that she had given it to him, and that he had indulged in the common Yankee weakness of making an honest dollar out of it.

**THE CONFESSION.** according to the expressed opinions of those whose "wish was father to the thought," is one of those remarkable chapters of crime and depravity which only culminates once in a generation. Even Lydia herself thought it was a good thing.

"It is a full story of my whole life," she said to a *Herald* reporter, "and I know that it will read with interest. I have told Mr. Webster about everything. I don't know that I can say anything more, unless that it is I am enjoying myself and am very happy, and that is a feeling I have not experienced before for many years."

As she said this her eyes twinkled, and her whole feminine frame kept time to what seemed to be a happy and festive titter. There was nothing of insanity in her demeanor, but there was evidently a struggle to produce an impression upon her visitor. The same stolid and yet smiling conduct characterized her during the sentence yesterday. She said she was happy, and in the same breath she admitted with apparent delight crimes which it is almost impossible to realize as a reality.

**HER OWN STORY.** The narrative of this remarkable wretch is indeed an interesting and entertaining one. It is told, as will be seen, in a sort of straightforward manner, and probably embraces considerable truth, notwithstanding the fact that the whole story is actually copyrighted.

**HER EARLY HISTORY.** I was born near the town of Burlington, N. J., on the 24th of December, 1824, and am now forty-eight years old. When I was about nine months old my mother died, and I was taken to live with my uncle, Mr. John Claygate. He was a farmer and the father of three children. In his family I was treated with the same kindness as the other members of it. We all worked hard, and I was able to go to school only about three months during the year. I never attended school much when a girl. When I became sixteen years old my two brothers came to visit me, and when they returned to their home in New Brunswick I went with them, and after a stay of three weeks I returned to my uncle's, accompanied by my younger brother Elsworth, who remained there for about five months. We both then went back to New Brunswick and I went out to service in the family of Rev. Mr. Van Amburg, who resided in the town of Jacksonville, twenty-five miles distant from New Brunswick. I lived in his family for three years, at the end of which time my brother came again to see me, and I went back with him to New Brunswick. Soon after I began to learn

**THE TRADE OF A TAILOR.** with the sister of my brother's wife, and boarded at the same time with my brother Elsworth. For three months I worked, making pants and vests, without pay, and then was employed by a Mr. Owen, for whom I did sewing a part of the time at his shop and a portion of the time at my home. I continued to work in this way until trade became dull, and then I went to work in Mr. Owen's family. He was a class leader in the Methodist church there. He was a very good man and his wife was an excellent lady, and both are now living. I remained in this family about four months and then went back to work in Mr. Owen's shop and boarded with my brother Elsworth at the time. I continued thus employed for a year. During all this time I was a member of the Methodist church.

**WHILE WITH MR. OWEN I became acquainted with Mr. Edward Struck through my class leader, Mr. Jacob Edmonds. Mr. Struck was then a member of the same church with which I was united. He was a very devoted Christian and remained such until a few months before his death. Until then he had family prayers during most of the time. I was his wife for eighteen years, and he died about eight years since. I do not remember dates. We were married at the residence of my brother Elsworth in New Brunswick, and then my husband went to Yorkville, where he worked at his trade, that of a carriage blacksmith. He worked for six weeks, coming home only on Saturday nights and returning on Monday mornings. We then went to Yorkville to live, and Mr. Struck worked for Mr. Brewer for one year. Our first child, a girl, was born during this time, and we named her Lydia. Then we**

**MOVED DOWN TO NEW YORK CITY** and my husband worked for Mr. John Butler, at the corner of Prince and Crosby streets. We rented two rooms from the corner of Elizabeth and Houston streets. We lived there three years, and during that time two boys were born, whom we called John Wesley and George Whitfield. At the end of three years Mr. Butler moved his business up to Carmansville, and Mr. Struck went with him and remained in his employ for ten or eleven years. While we lived in Carmansville we had four children born. Their names were Ann Eliza, Josephine, Martha and Edward. At the end of the time stated Mr. Struck left Mr. Butler's employment and obtained an appointment on the police force. This was at the time of the organization of the metropolitan police force of New York. After he had served on the force about six months one of the children, Josephine, was taken sick with the measles. She caught cold and this caused inflammation of the bowels, which, after an illness of two weeks, occasioned her death, at the age of twenty-two months. This occurred in the Spring, but I do not recollect the date. Dr. Mitchell attended her. Soon after

**MY HUSBAND WAS TRANSFERRED TO MANHATTAN-VILLE.** He then moved his family there, and we went to live in 125th street. There occurred

**OUR FIRST THOU.** It came about in this way:—A man came up to Stratton's Hotel, on the Bloomingdale road, and made a disturbance in the barroom. He attacked the barkeeper with a knife, and immediately the cry of murder was raised. Just at this time the Manhattanville stage came along, and on board was a detective, who heard the cry of murder. He rushed at once into the hotel; but, finding he was powerless to accomplish anything, he asked for the assistance of a policeman. There was none near and he endeavored to quiet the man by talking to him; but he could not succeed. The man appeared deranged. The detective struck him with a cane, but the man would not desist from his conduct, and after he was struck he attacked the officer with a knife and the latter drew a pistol and shot the man dead. The stage drove on and soon met

**MR. STRUCK, AND AS HE WAS A POLICEMAN** the driver told him the circumstances about the killing of the man at the hotel. Mr. Struck started immediately for the hotel, and when he reached there he found that the man was dead. Word was sent to the Manhattanville police station and doctors were called in to examine the dead man. A jury of inquest was called, and the doctors gave as their opinion that the man was deranged. My husband afterwards reported the affair at headquarters, and soon after a rumor prevailed that he would not arrest the man in the first place because he had a pistol to defend himself with. This was incorrect. Before the jury of inquest the employees of the hotel testified that Mr. Struck was at the place and

**WAS AFRAID TO GO IN.** The result was that he was discharged from the police force upon their testimony, as he had no witnesses to call in his favor except the stage driver. Then he had nothing to do and he became down-hearted and discouraged. Captain Hart told him that he was trying to get him on the force again. Matters stood in this way for about three months, when Captain Hart sent for him and told him that he had done his best for him and that he could not get him on again. Then he gave up and acted as if he did not care to get any work. He said he could not get work to do, and I went to see Mr. Butler, and he said he would take him back and pay him, even though he did not do more than half a day's work, as he had always been a good workman. I returned home and told my husband what Mr. Butler had said, and advised him to go and do the best he could. He refused to go, and finally went with me to Mr. Butler's shop, when Mr. Butler said, "Mr. Struck, I am glad you have come back to work; you can do the best you can and I will pay you well." He worked for a few days and then stopped and stayed at home. He was sent for several times, and

finally Mr. Butler came down to see him, and Mr. Struck told him he would go back again to work. Then my husband did nothing, but fretted all the time. Mr. Butler came again and coaxed him until he consented to go to work again. Then I used to go up to the shop with him and keep him company for hours at his work. One day he came home and said he would not work any more, because he was

**AFRAID TO BE SEEN IN THE STREET.** as everybody was looking at him as if he was a coward. The next morning I could not get him out of bed, and he told me that he could not get out of the house again. He would allow me to bring no one in to see him, and would allow none of the children in his room. I used to try to get the neighbors to come in and see him, but he would not notice any of them. A gentleman by the name of Oimstead, who he thought a great deal of, called to see him, but he would not look at him or have anything to say to him. He would lay in bed seven or eight weeks at a time. I wanted him to have a doctor, but he would not see one. He said he wanted to see one of his first wife's children, a daughter named Gertrude, who was married to a Mr. William Thompson, and I went down to New York and brought her up to see him. When she came he would say very little to her. One of the neighbors was sick, and Gertrude, seeing the doctor leaving their house, called him in to see her father. The doctor asked him what was the matter, and if he was sick, and he said

**"NO, I AM NOT SICK."** The doctor got him to take some medicine and left some for me to give him, but he would not take it. He acted as though he was out of his mind, and finally he began to lose the use of his limbs. He could hardly use his hands and feet. One day he got to the bureau and took out a pistol and put it to his mouth and said, "Mammy" (this is the name he always called me), "if I should fire this off it would blow my head off." I was frightened and took it away from him and put it back in the drawer. Then he wanted a razor, and I took it and the pistol and locked them up, so that he could not find them. I got him back to his room, and then he got in his head that he was going to be arrested. One day I sent for Captain Hart to come and see him and try and quiet him. When the Captain came Mr. Struck would neither look at him or speak to him nor have anything to do with him. The Captain told him that he was

**OUT OF HIS MIND.** He advised me to have him sent to the lunatic asylum. Many others told me the same thing, and said if I did not do it he would do some injury. One night he got up and told me to bring him his clothes and shoes and said they were going to take him away in the morning. I quieted him by telling him that no one would harm him, for he had done nothing.

**HE KEPT GETTING WORSE.** He got so he could not dress or undress, and he caused me at this time a great deal of trouble. He wanted me to get places for the children because I could not take care of them. I told him I could take care of them and that he need not worry about them. One night he was sitting very badly and I called in the Police Sergeant Mc— to have him quiet him.

**PUT HIM OUT OF THE WAY.** Sergeant Mc— lived in the lower part of the house with us. He came in and talked with my husband for a while, and then he told me that Mr. Struck was out of his mind, and that he would never be any better. He advised me to put him out of the way, as he would never be of any good to me or to himself again. I asked him what he meant, and he told me to get a certain quantity of arsenic, and he told me how much to give him, and where to get it. I thought of it for a few days. My husband at the time was getting worse and worse, and I was tempted to

**GO AND BUY THE ARSENIC.** according to the instructions. Finally I went to Hartem and purchased it at a drugstore's, and paid ten cents for it. I came home and made some oatmeal gruel, and put in it about half a tumbler full of arsenic, and stirred it in well. Then I gave it to my husband to drink, and he drank of it several times during the afternoon. He was then taken sick with purging. I sent for Dr. Jackson, of Carmansville, and he came in the evening. He asked Mr. Struck how he felt, but he did not speak to him. I said, "Doctor, he is very sick." The doctor said a short time, and left with me two white powders, and told me to give them to him during the night. When the doctor went away I went with him to the door, and asked him if he thought Mr. Struck was very dangerous, and he said that he was a very sick man, and that he thought he had softening of the brain and that he would never get well again. That night he was very bad, and I was up with him all the time. Towards morning he began to fall very fast, and about eight o'clock

**IN THE MORNING HE DIED.** It was in May this occurred, and I continued to keep house. I had nothing to live upon, and I became discouraged. The children could do nothing for me or for themselves. The last of July I moved into another house in the village. I had two little children, Martha Ann, six years old, and Edward, four years old. I thought that I could not get along and support them, and I came to the conclusion that it would be better for them if they were out of the way. I thought the matter over for several days. I was much discouraged and downhearted.

**THE SECOND MURDER.** I gave them only a little at a time, and after I gave it to them I was afraid they would die, and I sent for Dr. Oviatt. When he came he told me that they had the gastric fever, and he doctored them for a few days. Then I sent for Dr. Jackson. He told me that they were very sick, and he thought they would not live. Next morning

**MARTHA ANN DIED.** She was taken with vomiting soon after I gave her the arsenic, and was afflicted in that way until she died. The doctors said nothing to indicate that they knew what was the matter.

**EDWARD DIED ALSO.** Edward was affected in the same manner. He was sick at the stomach and vomited frequently. In the evening Edward died. He was a beautiful boy, and did not complain during his illness. He was very patient. The afternoon before he died my stepdaughter, Gertrude Thompson, came in to see the children, and she spoke to him and said, "Edgy, why are you sick?"

He said, "Yes." Then she said, "You will get better," and he said, "No, I shall never get well."

The doctors had no suspicions in this case either, and I did not hear of any one having any.

**FOURTH MURDER.** I continued to keep house, and had with me four children at the time. I got work by nursing and sewing. At this time my son, George Whitfield, was fourteen years old. He was employed in painting by a man, and was able to earn \$2 a week. In the latter part of the Summer, I think in August, he was taken sick, and I sent for Dr. Oviatt. He called to see him, and said he was sick with the painter's colic, and he could not work at the painting business any longer. He did not improve, and as he was continually growing worse I got discouraged. I thought he would become a burden upon me, and I mixed up some

**ARSENIC IN HIS TEA.** I think he died the next day. He was afflicted like the others, but during all the time the doctor thought he had the painter's colic, and that he died of it. I gave him the arsenic because I was discouraged. I know now that that is not much of an excuse, but I felt so much trouble that I did not think about it.

**FIFTH MURDER.** After the burial of George I went to Dr. Oviatt's, and he recommended me to places to do nursing, and I went out to this work all the time. I left Ann Eliza home part of the time, and Lydia staid at home a portion of the time. She was at work in a dry goods store in Harlem, and was at this time eighteen years old. She boarded with me, and it was so far for her to wait that she could not stand it, and gave it up. Then she got a situation to do work on Bonnet frames sent from New York, and we worked at home together.

A young man named John Smith kept company with Lydia at this time and called upon her quite often.

**ANNE ELIZA QUIETLY DIED.** My little daughter, Ann Eliza, was with me, and I thought if I could get rid of her that Lydia and myself could make a living. This was in March; I

do not remember the date. We had had a hard winter. I had no one to leave her with. I was discouraged. She had been unwell with chills and fever, and was continually sick from time to time. I was downhearted and much discouraged. I had some of the arsenic in the house I purchased in Harlem, and I got some medicine for her as the drug-gist and mixed some of the arsenic in it and gave it to her. I think I gave it to her twice. She was taken sick at the other were. She was sick four days. I sent for Dr. Rosenstein, and he attended her. He said she had died.

**SHE DIED ABOUT NOON.** and was the happiest child I ever saw. Mr. Edward Rayson was continually at her bedside until her death. The arsenic I used at all these times was part of that I got at Harlem for my husband. I did not buy any but once.

**LYDIA DIED A NATURAL DEATH.** I continued to keep house until May, going out as usual to do nursing. In May Lydia went down to New York with work on one Friday and stayed at her step-sister's until Saturday afternoon. I was expecting her all Saturday morning, as I did not expect that she would remain away over night, and I telegraphed for her on Saturday morning, but she never came. I never saw her since. When she came she was quite sick with a fever and she went immediately to bed. I went to the drug-gist around the corner from where I lived and he gave me some medicine to give to her. She was very sick all Saturday night and I had to sit up with her. On Sunday morning she was no better and I sent for Dr. Rosenstein. When he came he wanted to know where she had been and I told him. He said he thought she had the typhoid fever. She was very sick all that day, and in the afternoon she wanted to see Rev. Mr. Payson. She was a member of his church and a teacher in the Sabbath school. Mr. Payson came in the afternoon and remained with her till quite late in the evening. The next evening he came again, early, and he remained with her the most of the time during her sickness. He gave her all her medicine and took the sole charge of her. The doctor came twice a day, but she sank and grew worse all the while. The doctor attended her about two weeks, when I became dissatisfied with his treatment and sent for Dr. Fleet. Lydia's step-brother brought him up from the city. When he arrived I sent for Dr. Rosenstein, and the two held a consultation together, after which Dr. Fleet said that Dr. Rosenstein was doing everything that could be done, and that we must follow his directions. Whenever the prescriptions were left Mr. Payson took them and prepared the medicine. She continued to grow worse. Everything was done for her that we could do, but it was all of no avail. She continued to fall for twenty-one days, and at the end of that time, on a Saturday night, she died. I never gave this daughter anything except what the doctor ordered me to. She died a natural death.

**A LOSING VENTURE.** At the time of Lydia's death my son John was at work in the city with a butcher. He used to help me all he could until the children died, and then I told him to keep his wages and support himself, as I was alone in the world and could take care of myself. I remained homekeeping and the doctors recommended an excellent nurse. I continued to employ a nurse until the following April, when a family named Maxom, who were going out to Pennsylvania, wanted me to go with them, and my son John also; they wanted that he should work on the farm they were going to take and myself to live in their family. They said they were going to a place called Salisbury, Pa., and that if I would go they would pay us both well. Finally we went out with them; but upon arriving we did not like the place, and

**MR. MAXOM DID NOT DO AS HE PROMISED.** We remained, however, from the 15th of April until the 9th of September and worked very hard. I got determined to stay no longer, and at length I got Mr. Maxom to give me money enough to get back to New York; but I was obliged to leave all the furniture, which Mr. Maxom promised to send to me when I wanted it. I wrote frequently for it, and he always replied that he would buy it, and then I wrote for the money and he sent back one feather bed. I wrote again asking him to send the pay little by little, and he wrote back that I need send no more, as he would pay me when he came to New York. I have never heard from him since.

**IN A SEWING MACHINE STORE.** When I came back I went to my husband's daughter, Mrs. Thompson's, and John went to work again for Mr. Hall, the butcher, who keeps a market, or did then, at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Third avenue. I finally got a situation in a sewing machine establishment in Canal street, I do not remember the number. It was kept by a Mr. Cochran. It was my business to show goods to customers, run a machine and explain how it was worked to those who called to examine it. When any one purchased a machine I had to teach them how to work it. Mr. Cochran was absent from the store frequently, and then I had the full management of the business. I was in fact helper and clerk. While working at this place I felt good and enjoyed my occupation. I had nothing to fret or trouble me.

**MRS. CURTIS' HOUSEKEEPER.** While I was at this store I became acquainted with Mrs. James Curtis. He was there one day and asked me what I was going to do when I left and Mr. Cochran shut up his store. I told him I thought I should go back to New Brunswick to my friends. He asked me if I would not like to go to Stratford, Conn., to live. I told him I thought I should like it very much. He told me that he had an aged mother living there who was very helpless, and that he wanted some one to take care of her and keep house, and that he thought I would be just the one for the place. I asked him how much of a family there was and he said no one but herself. I consented to go. I was to have eight dollars per month. Mrs. Curtis gave me directions where to go, and I went up and arrived in Stratford in the evening and a hackman took me to the house. I had a letter to give to Mrs. Curtis, and she was very much pleased to see me. I stayed with her eight months, and got along nicely. Mr. Curtis came up every Saturday evening and returned Monday morning. His family lived in New York; but he spent the Sabbath with his mother. After living there eight months, one day, when I went to Mr. John Fairchild's grocery store to get groceries, he asked me how I would like to keep house for a man who had just lost his wife.

**HUSBAND NO. 2.** I told him that I did not know—that I had not thought of leaving the place where I was and that I did not like to leave Mrs. Curtis. Then I asked him who the man was and he told me that he was an old man who lived up in Coram, in Huntington. He said that he thought it would be the best thing I could do to go and live with him, as he was well off and would make me a good home. I told him I would think of it. Mr. Fairchild (the man referred to) came down to Stratford in a few days to see Mr. Fairchild, and he said to him, "John, I think I shall sell my place." Mr. Fairchild said, "No, Mr. Fairchild, get some one to keep house for you."

Mr. Fairchild said, "Yes, but where can I get a good woman?" Mr. Fairchild said, "I think I know of one; I will see." In a few days Mr. Fairchild came down again and Mr. Fairchild told him he had seen me and he gave me a good name and sent him to me. He called at the house, and asked if I was the woman Mr. Fairchild spoke to him about. I told him I was, and he said that he would be down in a few days and see me again. During this time I went to see Mr. Fairchild, and have a talk with him. He told me that it would be a good place for me, and that I had better go. I told him I would not go till I had seen the place, as he was a stranger to me. When Mr. Fairchild came down he took me up to see the place, and then we made a bargain that I should keep house for him. I did not name the price. Mr. Fairchild told me he thought he had enough to keep us, and if I did well by him he would do well by me. I stayed two weeks with Mrs. Curtis, and during that time Mr. Fairchild was down three times. Mrs. Curtis did not like to give me up, and she told me if I did not like the place to come back to her. Mr. Fairchild came for me and took me home with him. I was there only a few days when he wanted me to marry him. He told me that if I would marry him all that he was worth should be mine.

On the 22d of November, 1868, we went to Huntington, and were married by Rev. Mr. Morton. We went to church and after service we went to Mr. Morton's house and were married. Everything went along happily for fourteen months.

**A SILENT TROPICAL ONWARD.** One Sunday morning we got up and were going to church. I commenced to shave him, as I always shaved him two or three times a week, on account of his hands trembling, so that he could not shave himself. Then he was taken with dizziness, and said he would go out and feed the horse, and he might feel better. He came back and I commenced to shave him again, when I saw that he felt bad, and I thought we would not go to church. He had three of those dizzy times during the forenoon. I thought he was going to have a sick turn. He had two or three turns when we had been married about three months. When he had one of these bad spells he made his will, or rather Mr. William Bennett made it for him. This happened some time before Mr. Fairchild was taken sick the last time.

He continued quite feeble but he split a little wood and said he thought he would try and work it off. He was quite anxious to do what he had to do. Monday evening one of the neighbors gave him some clams and I cooked some for supper, and after supper he said he wanted a glass of cider. I told him that he had better not drink it after he had been eating clams.

He took a pitcher and went down the cellar and drew some, and he wanted me to have some, but I told him no, and did not drink it. He said he would take some with saleratus in it, and he went into the pantry and fixed it. That night he was in great distress all night. On Tuesday morning he got up and went into the pantry, but I do not know what he took. He was in the habit of

**TAKING HIS BITTERS IN THE MORNING.** He was sick all of that day, and he did not do anything. I asked him in the afternoon if he did not think he ought to have a doctor. He said, "No," and that he would be better. That night he took another glass of cider. Whether he put anything in it or not I do not know. To my knowledge he never took anything wrong; but Mr. Fairchild, while before this asked Mr. Henry Northrop to get him some arsenic, as he had some rats about the house, and I think that his (Northrop's) wife objected to his getting it, and I don't know whether there was any in the house or not. Mr. Fairchild used saleratus in his cider, and I remember of having two papers that I supposed to be saleratus, but they both may not have contained it. I think so for this reason, and I should say that this happened some time before Mr. Fairchild was taken sick. My son, John Struck, was up on a visit to my house. Mr. Fairchild and John and myself were going out to spend an evening at Mr. Charles Tomlinson's, but before we went Mr. Fairchild and John took a drink of liquor. My husband asked me to have some, and I said, "No, I don't want any," but that I would take some cider, and he put some saleratus in the cider and gave it to me to drink, and I drank it.

**SHE TAKES A LITTLE HERSELF.** Then we started for Mr. Tomlinson's to spend the evening. I think I never felt better than I did before I drank the cider. We had not got far from one of the children when I began to feel dizzy and I had to stand still and get over it. We went up to Mr. Tomlinson's and I was taken sick with vomiting, and I became so sick that they took me home. I was very sick for about three hours, vomiting all the time. I finally got easy and went to sleep and in the morning I felt better.

**ON THIS TUESDAY NIGHT** MR. FAIRCHILD WAS VERY BAD, and I was up with him all night. Wednesday morning he wanted to have a doctor. Mr. Edwin Wakelee and Mr. Sidney Blakeman came down with a team, with which they were going into the woods to get wood. I went out and asked them if they would come in, as Mr. Fairchild wanted to see them. They came in and asked Mr. Fairchild what was the matter. He said he was very sick. They asked him if he would like a doctor, and he said he would. They said they were going to take a load of wood to Birmingham, and they would see a doctor and send him down. They went away, and Mr. Thomas went to Derby and saw Dr. Flacey, but he could not come. He said that if Mr. Fairchild was down again he would never get up, as he was an old man. They went to see Dr. Beardsley, and he was not at home, and they did not know when he would be at home. Then they went and got Dr. Shelton, of Huntington. He was not at home when they called, and they left word for him to come as soon as he got back.

**THE LAST OF THE OLD MAN.** He was away from home all day, and did not get down to the house until twelve o'clock that night. I told him that Mr. Fairchild was very sick and had been looking for him all day. He said he was very sorry, and asked Mr. Fairchild what was the matter, and my husband said he was very sick. He said he had not taken anything but cider and clams. The doctor stayed with him until two o'clock that night, and gave him medicine and left some with me to give him. He said he would stay longer, but that he was up the night before and he had some patients waiting for him. I asked him if he would come down in the morning, and he said he would be down before he went anywhere else. Mr. Fairchild kept growing worse all that night. The doctor came down the next morning about ten, and found Mr. Fairchild much worse. I asked him if he thought him dangerous, and he said he was a very sick man, and that if he had any friends I had better send for them. The doctor said that he had done all he could for him, and that if

**I WANTED ANOTHER DOCTOR** I had better send for one. I told him I did not know who to send for as I had sent for two already and they did not come. I asked him if he would come again, and he said he would, if I wished to have him. I told him by all means to come again as soon as he could. Mr. Fairchild grew worse through the day, and along about two o'clock he was taken with a sinking turn. Then some of the neighbors came in and the doctor came about five o'clock. Mr. Fairchild died shortly after the doctor came. Now I wish to say that I never gave Mr. Fairchild anything to my knowledge that would cause any sickness whatever. There may have been arsenic in one of the papers that I put together, but if there was I did not know it. I staid there after he was buried, and shortly after my brother and sister sent for me to come down to New Brunswick to live. They thought it would be better for me to come there with them, but I could not go, for I had my business to settle and I wanted to sell the place.

**WANTED CARE FOR A BABY.** About two months after my husband's death Mr. William Thomas used to bring me my letters from Birmingham, he being one of our neighbors and I living so close to him. He came in one day and brought me a paper and asked me how I would like to take a little baby to board. He said there was a man (Horatio N. Sherman) in Birmingham who had lost his wife, and she had left him a baby which was sick. Mr. Thomas said that Mr. Sherman asked him if he knew of any one who would take it, and if he did let him know, and "when I got home," said Mr. Thomas, "I was speaking to my wife about it, and she said that Mrs. Fairchild, she thought, would like it, as it would be company for her, and she wished you would take it." I told him I did not know where I could get milk from one cow, as it was necessary for the child to have it, and he said Mr. Wakelee had plenty of cows, and as he was one of the neighbors, I could get him to furnish me with it. I told him that I would rather see Mr. Sherman myself and then I could make a bargain with him. He said that he should be in Birmingham in a few days and he would send him down.

**FIRST MEETING WITH HORATIO.** On Sunday morning Mr. Sherman came down to my house. This was the first time I had ever seen him. When he came in I did not know him, and he asked me if I was Mrs. Fairchild. I said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "I am Mr. Sherman," and I said, "I suppose you are the man Mr. Thomas spoke to me about." He replied, "Yes," and I said, "Come in, Mr. Sherman."

I said, "Mr. Thomas told me you wanted some one to take your babe to board." He said, "Yes, I got some one who expected to

do it," and then he said, "but I have another object in view. I want to get a housekeeper, see my mother-in-law is at my house, and my daughter Ada cannot get along with her on account of the old lady being queer and finding a great deal of fault with Ada."

He then asked me if I could not come and keep house for him. I told him I did not know, as I had my house and